Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened for your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit. King.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why, then I ſee a very valiant rebell of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now, ſhall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtalffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worſe then thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life time's foole,
And time that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could prophecie,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art duſt
And food for.
Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much art thou ſhrunke:
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtoute a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my ſelfe,
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adiew, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtalffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauie miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percie lie. *Exit.*

Falſtalffe riſeth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue yo
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zblood, tw
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who h